

brush-drawing class among some of the elder ones. They all love it and would not be absent from this class for anything. None of them had ever seen either brush or paint in their lives before; so it was indeed the beginning of things. So far their doings have not been astonishing, except perhaps as regards the wonderful monstrosities of vegetable life which they produce. But they are certainly improving, and at any rate their powers of observation are being exercised as they have never been before.

I think that our greatest difficulty with these children is in making them obedient. This, the first lesson we teach our little ones at home, they have never learnt in their homes. The parents never teach their children to obey; they say that if they punish them the children will not like them, so they are allowed to do exactly as they please, until they become intolerable, which very soon happens, and then they send them off to some relation to manage. Parents, they say, can never manage their own children. That is why we get so many difficult ones. People say to anyone with an incorrigible child, "Why don't you send her to Gayaza? She will be managed there." But as you may imagine, our task is rendered very difficult when we have seventy children of all ages, very few of whom have ever learnt obedience.

I am, Yours sincerely,
C. JANET SMYTH.

8, DUKE STREET,
EDINBURGH.

January 4th, 1911.

DEAR EDITOR,

The Edinburgh Branch of the Students' Association met at the above address by the kind invitation of Mrs. Pringle. We congratulated ourselves on having achieved a second annual meeting, and passed a very pleasant afternoon, though no business was done. An apology for absence was received from Miss Edgar (1906), and we regretted the non-appearance of four others who had hoped to be present.

A New Year's Greeting was sent to Miss Mason by Grace M. Mackenzie (1898), Mary L. MacKelvie (1899), Mabel L. Strachan (1899), Ida E. Pringle (1902), Elizabeth A. Smith (1904), Ismay E. Brown (1909), Laura M. MacDonald (1909), Jessie H. Smith (1909).

TRAVEL NOTES FROM S.S. "MANTUA."

What strikes a traveller most voyaging from West to East is the wealth of colour growing in intensity and richness as one journeys Eastward. At that gate of the East, Port Said, it begins with the vivid blue of the sea, the white glare of the houses in the brilliant sunshine, and the darkly contrasting shadows. The Red Sea should be named the Blue Sea, for it looked as if the whole of Reckitts' factory had been emptied into it; perhaps it is called Red from the red ochre colour of its sand banks. Have you ever heard the Mahomedan version of the Red Sea crossing? It was related to a missionary by a Mahomedan who claimed that it was a great improvement on the Old Testament version. He said that each of the twelve tribes had a separate little lane, and there were windows between the lanes through which they could see each other. We had a good view of Mount Sinai rising in the distance from a fairylike range of mountains of the most opalescent tints. In the Indian Ocean we saw thousands of flying fishes; they rose in shoals from the water as the great ship went by, and flew two or three hundred yards. I also saw a whale spout; it seemed as if a sudden jet of steam sprang out of the water, and then a great black side heaved up and I recognised the source from which the mysterious fountain sprang. We enjoyed glorious sunsets and a full moon in the Red Sea and Indian Ocean, and one evening the sun set astern of the ship as the moon rose up a golden ball ahead of us. Thus while the moon was turning to silver in one part of the heavens, there was all the glory of the after-glow in another part. Orange and red merging to palest amethyst and mauve, the few dark clouds, remnants

of the monsoon, being mirrored in the still ocean. Then one morning with the first glimmerings of light we saw the towers and chimneys of a great city rising darkly out of the ocean, and we knew we had reached a veritable land of the Arabian Nights.

UDAIPUR,

capital of the State of Mewar, the premier Rajput State.

How shall I describe to you this distractive city, truly the city of the thousand and one nights, set in on the heart of the Kashmir of Rajputana?

Imagine a brown, bare mountainous country of scarped and serrated hills, and in a broad valley of this desolate land place a chain of silvery lakes, studded with islands clad with groves of plantations and palms, from which rise marble palaces with their white cupolas and fretted terraces. Then plant by the margin of the lake a city of snowy palaces and gleaming towers and great blunt pyramids of temples, the shiny white being relieved by great green masses of verdure, the plumes of the palm, and the feathery green of the acacia, and sweet-scented jasmine; surround the city with crenellated rampart, a pretty bastion opening on to the lake through arabesqued gateways, revealing narrow streets gay with many-hued life; throw over this the glamour of an Indian sunset, sky orange and red, hills purple, palaces shining like pale coral, relieved by their masses of dark verdure, the lake many-hued like an opal, flights of brilliant green parakeets flashing like emeralds across the sky. Imagine all this, and you have some idea of the vision I had last evening returning across the lake after seeing the Maharana's wild boars fed from a hunting lodge in the woods. This is a unique sight. A picturesque retainer of the Maharana goes on to the roof of the lodge and utters a peculiar wailing cry, while two more climb down to the rough ground below to scatter Indian corn. Then from the surrounding scrub issues a chorus of grunts and squeals, and hundreds of wild boars of all sorts and sizes rush on to the scene, and amid much grunting and

bullying of each other begin to devour the grain. The Maharana goes in for pig-sticking and tiger and leopard hunting, and there are quantities of game in these hills, and as the Hindu religion forbids its votaries to take life the common people never kill anything, and hence all the birds and small animals are delightfully tame, making them very easy of observation. I actually touched a small grey squirrel, and we see all kinds of curious birds, of which I do not know the names, quite closely. The Maharana of this native state of Mewar is most hospitable, and we had the use of an elephant to-day just as we had a boat yesterday by his courtesy. The elephant was a huge and amiable beast, and we called her Lady Jumbo. She knelt down and we mounted on to the howdah by means of a short ladder; then she rose, and we felt as if we were going to pitch off, first behind and then in front; after which we jolted uncomfortably and staidly up to a hill fort, from which we had a most glorious view over this rugged and beautiful country of Mewar. In one direction miles on miles of jagged brown peaks and rolling, rugged uplands, and at our feet the placid lakes, with the gleaming pile of marble palaces rising from beside the centre one. This beautiful city of Udaipur was founded after the last sack of Chitor by Akbar.

Udai Singh, the founder, was saved by the devotion of his nurse, who substituted her own child for the conquerors to slay; throwing the rich imperial robe over him, while she fled with the little prince to the mountains.

This state is an excellent example of feudalism and mediævalism, even in unoccidentalised Rajputana, for the present Maharana, in whose veins runs the bluest blood in all India, is a steady champion of Hindu Conservatism. He is thoroughly loyal to empire and a most conscientious prince, and is regarded with reverence all over the Hindu world, but prefers to keep his country and people to the older way and plays the benevolent autocrat towards them, governing wisely and honestly according to his light.

Our farewell visit before leaving this fascinating state of Mewar was to its ancient and revived capital of Chitor, of which you may find a fascinating and most creepy description, conjuring up ghostly memories, in Rudyard Kipling's "Letters of Marque" in vol. i. of "From Sea to Sea." Chitor was sacked three times by the Tartar monarchs, and one only wonders how the apparently inaccessible position was scaled and the seven gateways broken through. The Tower of Victory still stands, almost perfect, one of the most magnificent monuments to bygone greatness the world has ever seen. One of the most picturesque stories of Rajput history is associated with the first sack of Chitor, that terrible happening which still haunts the memory of the race and provides its inviolate oath, "By the sin of the sack of Chitor!" I shall tell the story of the beautiful Padmani and the sack of Chitor by Allah-ud-din in the words of Mrs. F. A. Steele, for no description of Rajput character or Mahomedan savagery is necessary after that. Padmani was peerless. Her name survives to the present day as synonymous with perfect womanhood. Allah-ud-din, hearing of her beauty while still Commander-in-Chief to his uncle, Jelal-ud-din, of the House of Khidljis, forced his way to the sacred stronghold of the Rajputs, and threatened instant attack if he were not allowed to see her though only in a mirror. Rajah Bhimsi being a courteous gentleman and believing Allah-ud-din to be a man of honour, granted his request; with due pomp and ceremony, escorted the Mahomedan general to his palace, showed him the reflection of the most beautiful woman in India, and escorted him back to his tents, trusting him. But Allah-ud-din knew not the word "honour." He seized the husband as hostage for the wife and swore instant death if the princess were not immediately delivered to him. So forth from the frowning rock came 700 litters, Padmani and her women offering themselves up in exchange for a life that was the dearest thing on earth to every Rajput man and woman. Into the Mahomedan camp

they came, and then each litter belched out reckless manhood armed to the teeth; each litter-bearer threw off his disguise and proclaimed himself a warrior. So they rescued the treacherously prisoned husband, and in the ensuing battle the Rajputs died hard. But the memory of Padmani's trick rankled. And after ascending the throne Allah-ud-din returned to Chitor. Up till then, A.D. 1303, the fort had been held impregnable. But Allah-ud-din was rich beyond belief. It is said he gave gold for every basket of earth brought to raise ramparts, whence overtopping the fort, he could pour his missiles into the doomed city, and so the pile grew till the end drew near.

The tale runs that one night Rajah Bhimsi, to whom the beautiful Padmani had born twelve sons, awoke in fear. Before him stood Vijanmater, the tutelary goddess of his race. "I am hungry," she wailed. "Lo! I drink Rajput blood, but I hunger for the blood of kings. Let me drink the blood of twelve who have worn the diadem, and my city may yet be inviolate." So one by one these young princes were raised to the throne. Then after three days' reign they went forth to meet the foe and—Fate. But the younger, Prince Ajey-si, was his father's Benjamin; so when his turn came the father's heart failed him, and he called his chiefs together. "The child shall go free to recover what is lost. I will be the twelfth king to die for Chitor." "Yea, we will die for Chitor," was the reply. So each Rajput man put on the bridal coronet and saffron robe, and every woman donned her wedding garment. And when the dawn came, the city gates were set wide, and through them poured desperate manhood surrounding a little knot of picked heroes who had sworn to see the child safe; and behind them rose up in the still morning air a column of smoke from the vast funeral pyre on which desperate women had sought death in the dark vaults and caves which honeycomb the rocks, and which since that fateful day have never been entered but once by mortal man. Thus the great sacrifice of the Johar was

performed at Chitor, and, entering victorious, one rejoices to think that Allah-ud-din found a silent and deserted city.

Twice since has Chitor been sacked, once by Barbar, and the last time by Akbar. And now it seems to stand proudly desolate on its hill-top, the beautiful towers of Victory and of Fame, as it were, guarding its ruins, those grand towers from which its denizens, secure in their strength, must so often have watched the invading hordes sweeping towards them from the far horizon over the vast plains of India.

E. HALL.

GLEANINGS FROM "ORIONID" BUDGET.

A student kept caterpillars of the small tortoise-shell butterfly (*Vanessa Uritæ*) on nettles and watched them change into chrysalides. "Their bodies changed and their heads dropped off and they lay still among the leaves for three weeks." Then first a V-shaped crack appeared in the back of the chrysalis, beginning in the middle of the body and branching up either side of the head. Then a funny little hairy creature with tiny creased wings struggled out and feebly tottered to the edge of the box. There he hung, and his wings grew and grew and he coiled and uncoiled his proboscis; after an hour or two he flew away into the garden, taking short flights first and then longer."

"There is a machine here (a cotton weaving shed) which might interest scouts; it ties 250 knots a minute, keeping the 'ends' of cotton exactly the same length and each strand separate, and, of course, never missing one."

B.'s pupil, aged $7\frac{1}{2}$, "has just completed a railway which stretches from one end of the garden to the other. It consists of station, platform, ticket office, six signals, all painted and worked by levers from the enormous box (the box was the only part not made by the boy himself), etc. The trains run as on our little line here."

STUDENTS' MEETINGS.

At the Students' Meeting on December 3rd at 13, Chilworth Street, Misses Owen (1904), Oliver (1906), and Davis (1906), with Misses Evans and Faunce (1899) for a short time, were the sole attendants. Among the subjects discussed was that of teaching boys to write quickly, so that on going to school they do not degenerate to scrawling.

One book recommended for writing was "Writing, Illuminating, and Lettering," by Edward Johnston (John Hogg). Miss Owen also strongly recommended "Fungi, and how to know them," by E. W. Swanton (Methuen), which she said was delightful.

It would be interesting to hear other students' experience of French narration. One student present said that a boy of barely 10 would listen to a fairy story read from Guerber's "Contes et Légendes" and then narrate it quite fluently, and thoroughly enjoy doing it.

It was hoped that there would be a meeting during the Christmas holidays so that students then in town would be able to attend.

BOOK LIST.

FOR CLASS III.

"In Lotus Land—Japan," "Clear Round." (Out of print, but probably there are second-hand P.N.E.U. copies of this most delightful book.)

"The True Story Book." Andrew Lang. (A very good account of Prince Charlie's wanderings.)

"The Four Georges." Thackeray.

GENERAL.

"The Rhone Country." Rose Kingsley. (Invaluable to everyone travelling to the Riviera by P.L.M.)

"Chatham—the Early Years." Lord Rosebery.

CLASS II.

History (for teacher).—Historical Biographies: "Edward the Black Prince."

Story Books.—"Under the Flag of France" (Bertrand du Guesclin). By David Ker. (Told through the Ages Series Stories from Chaucer.)